St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

A TELEVISION SHOCKER
—John Cogley

THE

Commonweal

DECLINING POWER

The Isolationist Tradition

by C. K. Yearley, Jr.

CATHOLICS AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

by John C. Cort

NOBODY CAME: A STORY

by Isobel English

me LXVI, No. 2 April 12, 1957 Twenty Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the Easter Vigil

WILL & BAUMER
HOLY SATURDAY CANDLES
Made of 100% Pure Beeswax

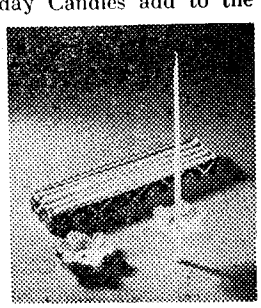
Appropriate to spread the Light of Christ from the Paschal Candle

According to the recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites renewing the liturgical calendar of Holy Week—parishioners will require candles when participating in the ceremonies of the Easter Vigil. Will & Baumer Holy Saturday Candles are made especially for use during this Light Service of the Easter Vigil. They are made with the same exacting care, by the same master craftsmen who produce Will & Baumer's complete line of church candles which have found over a century's preference with both clergy and laity.

Will & Baumer Holy Saturday Candles are . . .

Symbolically Appropriate . . . Made of Will & Baumer Purissima Brand 100% beeswax corresponding with the Paschal Candle.

Attractive . . . Fashioned in tapered cierge shape, reminiscent of candles in the early days of the Church, Will & Baumer Holy Saturday Candles add to the dignity of the Light Service.



Convenient . . . Easy to handle . . . and easy to store. Conveniently packaged 24 to the box and 6 boxes to the case. Carry overs present no problem.

Clean and Safe . . . 100% pure Beeswax assures cleanliness and safety. 24 protective paper bobeches included in each box to catch any accidental dripping of wax.

WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., Inc.
The Pioneer Church Candle Manufacturers of America
In Our Second Century of Fine Candlemaking
SYRACUSE • LOS ANGELES • BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • MONTREAL

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 27

The Isolationist Tradition
by C. K. Yearley, Jr. 31

Catholics and Social Justice
by John C. Cort 33

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 35

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 36

Communications 36

A Television Shocker
by John Cogley 38

Nobody Came: A Story
by Isobel English 39

Books 42

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Contributing Editors
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1957 in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 20c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE FUTURE OF GHANA

LAST MONTH British Togoland and the Gold Coast of West Africa were joined in the new nation of Ghana. The first colonial territory in Africa to attain independence became the ninth member state of the Commonwealth. In a century of evolution and change, the emergence of Ghana as a free nation was widely and appropriately noted as an event of first importance. Every country, from either side of the Iron Curtain, sent representatives to Accra to witness the independence celebration of March 6. The holiday had the expected mixture of happy frivolity, color, and dignity. Running through all the celebration, however, was the sober recognition that the new freedom brought new responsibilities. And these responsibilities, more than anything else, formed the burden of the Prime Minister's speech. No observer thought that he overestimated these responsibilities and their attendant problems.

Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, knows that he is faced with serious difficulties. Within his country there is illiteracy, political and social opposition, a desire for regional autonomy, and uncertain administration. And from without, peoples of the entire world, but especially other Africans, will have hopeful but critical eyes on Ghana. But, as often happens, the pressures from outside may help to bring together, to unify, disparate and opposing elements within the nation. That Dr. Nkrumah is well aware of this and may turn it to his purpose is clear from a talk he gave on the proposed constitution in 1956:

"How we conduct ourselves when we become independent will affect not only Ghana but the whole of Africa. We have a duty not only to this country, but to the peoples everywhere in Africa who are striving toward independence. If we can make a success of our independence, we shall have made an incalculable contribution towards freedom and progress throughout Africa. . . . We must show the world that Africans can give a lead in justice, tolerance, liberty, individual freedom and in social progress."

DR. NKRUMAH stated succinctly the reasons why this nation of less than five million people is of such significance today. Its emergence as a nation was swift and dramatic. Although Dr. Nkrumah was jailed for political activities, he went directly from prison to a position of authority, and Ghana achieved independence with neither revolution or bloodshed. And even before March 6 he stated the basis for the change: "The basis of our coming independence rests in the character and condition of our people. The source of our prosperity . . . was not developed for us by the British or by any expatriate commercial interests." Nevertheless Dr. Nkrumah told his Assembly that he expected them to agree with him in saying that "when we come to part with British rule and control we will do so with the utmost goodwill towards the people of Britain. We are glad to remain within the Commonwealth. . . . while our experience has led us to realize the difficulties and evils of the colonial system which we have shaken off. . . ."

Not all of the English like Kwame Nkrumah or believe that he likes them. And since many are not convinced that Britain's abdication was timely, they will not be surprised to meet intransigence and opposition in this newest member of the Commonwealth. But England recognizes that her relations with Ghana will be noted as closely as Dr. Nkrumah's achievements and failures within his country, that they will be regarded as a precedent for countries whose autonomy still lies in the future.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The difficulties and uncertainties of Ghana are great, for herself, for Africa and for the entire world. If Ghana is successful it will be a lesson and stabilizing influence for, first, West Africa and then the entire continent. This is an overwhelming reason for treating the emergence of Ghana as a significant achievement in our century and for wishing Ghana the greatest success.

OUR POWER POLICY

IN THE DEBATES over control and regulation of electric power the sharpest exchanges have occurred over the "yardstick" concept. All along, private utilities have complained bitterly of unfair competition, while the TVA and other public power agencies have felt called upon to stress their payments to the Government "in lieu of taxes." Such a narrowing of the debate has tended to distort the issue. Flood control, for example, may not appear actually productive in dollars and cents, although it has often saved whole regions literally millions of dollars. And wise utilization of water and land resources as a result of multi-purpose, integrated valley development has a cumulative economic effect.

The future of public power in the United States is difficult to predict. At the moment, TVA's request to finance new construction out of current revenues is being argued before a Congressional subcommittee. It was hardly envisaged a quarter-century ago that demand for electricity in the region would expand so much that three-quarters of the Authority's power would have to be steam-produced. The Government's atomic energy plants, which take half of TVA's output, had not even been dreamed of, nor had World War II and local establishment of the aluminum and other major defense industries. Its planners had no way of calculating the resounding success of TVA in building up the valley's economy—and its demand for electricity. Now politics is to have the deciding voice.

Yet all "partnership" between private utilities and public power need not be to the detriment of the latter. It need not necessarily be set up in order to hamstring, if not eventually supplant, public power agencies. In the Missouri basin, for instance, another main focus for the continuing power debate, engineers estimate that the demand for electricity will double in the next ten years. Some regional coordination of existing public and private facilities seems almost inevitable. The economies of such a resulting power pool would be considerable in sparsely settled states, as the existence of a big power network permits larger generating systems with much lower production costs.

This is not to deny the motivation of many of the past demands for public-private power pools. It is not to ignore such recent examples of "partnership" as Dixon-Yates, Hell's Canyon or the Trinity River in the Central Valley of California reclamation project. It simply recognizes that with the expanding power needs of the American people there will have to be, in the common interest, a greater *modus vivendi* between public and private power producers.

It is conceivable that in time certain local agreements can be reached in the light of a region's power needs. The disturbing thing, however, about the private utilities' presentation of the case is their almost total neglect of every aspect but that of producing (and distributing) hydro-electric power. How is their eagerness to market their universal and profitable commodity to be squared with such key factors as flood control, navigation and farsighted use of America's river valley resources? This is where the private utilities have yet to make their case. The prospect of greater and greater demand for electric current the nation over is undeniable; it is no less true that an even more critical factor in this nation's future is our dwindling supply of water. Who, then, is to decide such questions as what dams and plants are to be built, and where, and for what specific purposes?

NEXT WEEK

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY sizes up the present wave of labor unrest in Britain.

"While some commentators look at the present strikes in Britain as the final disaster to a rickety economy, I prefer to see them as the dawn of new hope. They are not the beginning of the end. They are the end of the beginning."

WHOSE OX, WHOSE GORE

THERE ARE at least two aspects to Teamster head Dave Beck's present situation which have received too little comment. The first involves his use of the Fifth Amendment, which resulted in his expulsion from the executive council of the AFL CIO. Spokesmen for Mr. Beck have been at pains to point out—and quite correctly—that Mr. Beck is still innocent until and unless he is found guilty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a court of law. But, ironically enough, some time ago it was reported that as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Washington Mr. Beck himself voted to drop from the faculty any professor who invoked the Fifth Amendment.

The second interesting fact is the peculiar status Mr. Beck long enjoyed in some American business and journalistic circles. Although he has never been very highly regarded inside labor, some businessmen used to think of Dave Beck as a very solid citizen, a man with no nonsense about him—a labor leader so unlike Walter Reuther and some of those other fellows, for example, that he even voted Republican. We cannot help wondering what these same men are saying today. Our guess is that they are now explaining that the whole thing just goes to prove that there is no good in labor unions, no matter how you look at them.

THE KETTLE AND THE POT

IN THE LAST few weeks we have had more than our share of editorial comment on television and controversy, what with our discussion of the ban on "Martin Luther" in Chicago and our subsequent comments on CBS's rejection of a talk by Father Thurston Davis of *America* on Protestant-Catholic tensions. Just as we were contemplating giving the subject up, though, at least for the rest of Lent, along came a television play with a familiar theme —the one about the young writer being pressured to make him give up his artistic integrity—and this immediately swept our good resolutions away.

As the story went this time, it involved a TV writer who went to Hollywood with high hopes, only to run afoul of a producer who was more interested in money than art. For a while it looked very much as if the young writer was going to lose his swimming pool with house attached, but happily everything came out all right in the end. The picture turned out to be a popular success (although we were not quite sure whether this meant the producer or the writer was right, or, indeed, whether it proved anything), the young writer was not crushed but decided to find a different producer and stay in Hollywood, and the movie producer was left looking for another young writer to corrupt, presumably from the world of television.

We do not want to make a big thing out of this, but it really is just too much. We are as ready to take a crack at Hollywood as the next man, and maybe readier. But television, by all indications, is positively hag-ridden by sponsors, and the lengths to which the medium will go to avoid controversy have obviously not yet been reached. As far as writers are concerned, some people say wryly that the chief difference between Hollywood and television is that in TV there are forty people to blue-pencil a script for every one in Hollywood. This estimate may be a little exaggerated, but to suggest that a TV writer has to go to Hollywood to find his freedom interfered with is nonsensical. And in view of what has been going on lately, to make the suggestion on a coast-to-coast TV network strikes us as particularly obtuse.

AID TO POLAND

ONE OF THE most difficult decisions now facing the Administration is what to do about Poland's request for economic aid. Poland has asked the United States for $300,000,000 in surplus foods and loans for machinery, urgently needed to bolster a perilously shaky economy.

The uprising in Hungary and recent developments in Poland established the existence of cracks in the Communist monolith, but it is difficult to judge the extent and significance of these divisions. Whatever the true state of Soviet-Polish relations, Poland is still undeniably a Communist state and a part of the Soviet system. Would extending aid to Poland render assistance to Soviet Russia in the maintenance of her satellite empire? Would extending such aid be strengthening a member of the Communist bloc, and might not that new strength be directed against us?

When and if the question of aid for Poland reaches Congress, it will encounter a storm. Republican minority leader Knowland is unalterably opposed to "the taking of a single dollar from the overburdened American taxpayer to build the economic strength of any Communist country," and in this he speaks for many of his colleagues.

Many observers, however, seem to feel that Poland's appeal to the West reflects a further effort by its government to move out of the Soviet orbit and to establish harmonious relations with the free world. If this is the case, it is certainly to our advantage, despite the risk involved, to encourage the Poles in their endeavor. And it would be tragically short-sighted to turn our backs on them in their hour of need. Moreover, in addition to the question of diplomatic usefulness, there is also the consideration of people in need. If Poland's economic ills mean suffering and want for her people, can we, with our abundance, withhold a helping hand be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause of ideological differences? Surely hunger cannot be regarded simply as a weapon in the cold war.

Senator Kennedy (Mass.) expressed the feeling of many Democrats, and some Republicans, when he said it would be "a brutal and dangerous policy" not to help Poland. And a diplomatic representative of one of the Western nations was quoted in the *Times* as saying: "The United States has had two chances recently to do something about its many promises to help the people ruled by Communism. It is true that nothing much could be done for Hungary. Poland is a second chance. . . . It will be hard to explain what the United States really wants in Eastern Europe if it passes up the second chance."

We agree. Aid to Poland would involve great difficulties and dangers, and might bring the United States no return whatever on its investment, but, all things considered, it is a gamble it seems more prudential to make.

As a sidelight, the complexity of this problem offers a perfect example of the difficulty of foreign policy decisions and the impossibility of conducting foreign affairs according to any simple formula. We have, in this instance, a case of complete agreement on principle on both sides of the debate, and total disagreement on the proper application of the principle. Senator Knowland wishes to fight Communism and therefore opposes aid to any Communist state. Senators Kennedy, Flanders, and others in favor of aiding the Poles are in favor of such aid precisely because they too wish to fight Communism.

Fortunately, no dark allegations have been made about the patriotism or opposition to Communism of any of the people involved. It is a sad admission, but this represents real progress. Let us hope that we will continue to distinguish between disagreements over ends and means in our political disputes. The implementation of our foreign policy, particularly our opposition to Communism, calls for sober evaluation of alternative means, and not the easy impugnment of the motives of those with whom we disagree.

THE EUCHARISTIC FAST

THERE MAY be some Catholics who are so set in their ways that they view the recent relaxation of the Eucharistic fast and the extension of the custom of afternoon Mass with a certain uneasy feeling. But there is no need at all for such hesitancy, as was made very clear by a comment of Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office when the Pope's new directive was issued.

"The Sovereign Pontiff," Cardinal Ottaviani said, "paternally concerned with the salvation of souls . . . wished to give to the faithful with these new rules on afternoon Mass and the Eucharistic fast a broader possibility of assisting at the Sacrifice of the Mass and of approaching the Eucharistic table, in order to strengthen themselves in the life of grace. . . . The Church, justly severe and inflexible where doctrinal principles are concerned, knows nevertheless how to harmonize everything that is of ecclesiastical discipline with the circumstances of the times."

Here is the distinction that many people overlook—that between doctrine and discipline, the one immutable, the other subject to change. Catholics should have no false fears about the new regulations; they should instead be grateful for another in a series of welcome and fruitful changes.

THE BOMBS

STILL swirling aimlessly is the debate over the effects of nuclear radiation and the desirability and feasibility of stopping hydrogen and atomic tests. The ordinary citizen is bewildered by official reassurances on the one hand, and on the other by seriously conflicting reports from other sources, including some government agencies.

It has recently been reported, by an eminent geneticist, that every dose of radiation, no matter how small, threatens genetic harm. And a member of the United States A.E.C. has declared that the danger from radiation will continue to increase even if no more tests are held, because it takes decades for nuclear fall-out to be completed.

Demands for a cessation of bomb tests are increasing all over the world, particularly in Japan, which is situated, unhappily, so as to receive the brunt of the fall-out from United States, Russian and British proving-grounds. A group of Japanese men and women, joined by a few English citizens and perhaps by other nationals, is planning to sail a "suicide fleet" into the "roped-off" danger area in a desperate attempt to stop further tests.

Perhaps the extreme character of this action will sway the governments involved to reexamine both the facts and the honesty of their positions. If the bombs threaten doom to the world, let us face that fact, and at least try to deal with it to the best of our ability.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Isolationist Tradition

"WHILE THE OLD GUARD NARROWS ITS PERIMETER AND HANGS ON, THE PRESIDENT MOVES AS THOUGH CONSCIOUS THAT ITS EFFECTIVENESS IS GONE"

C. K. YEARLEY, JR.

IN THE PUBLIC mind, isolationism has historically been associated with the Republican Party in the U.S. Such an easy association is misleading. In reality, stubborn provincialism and an adamant refusal to recognize world realities have been neither exclusively American nor exclusively Republican phenomena. These attitudes once marked British and French parties in the years between total wars, while in this country both the Democrats and the old Progressives have alternately exhorted and sheltered their bands of isolationists. What is more obvious than these broad perspectives, and hence more easily remembered, is the fact that at the sensational high points of modern history—the battle over the League of Nations, the struggle to check fascist aggression in the fateful months prefacing World War II, or the challenge of reconstructing Europe and containing Soviet expansion—official Republicanism was undistinguished either by creativity, boldness, or imagination in the field of foreign policy.

Indeed this could hardly have been otherwise when Party leadership took pride in its obstreperousness and narrow nationalism. It perversely chose to forget that Theodore Roosevelt was the first of our modern presidents to prompt us, however incautiously, into the international arena, that many respectable Republicans including the elder Taft had at one time supported Wilsonian idealism and the League, and that both Wendell Willkie and Senator Vandenberg emerged as statesmen of international renown because of their recognition of the world beyond our frontiers. Reluctant to stress these aspects of its past, to adjust to fresh circumstances, to overcome the odium that came to be associated with Lodge, the Normalcy Gang, the Nye Committee, not to mention Martin, Barton, and Fish, the Republican high command, in the eyes of moderates and liberals, condemned itself to wear the scarlet letter of isolationism. That is, up to now.

President Eisenhower's second inaugural address was dedicated to peace through internationalism, full acceptance of international responsibilities, and the task of healing a divided world. If not a watershed between Old Republicanism and the New, it was in the history of the Party sufficiently unique to arrest attention.

Nothing would be more grossly uncharacteristic of Mr. Eisenhower, moderate and cautious man that he is, than to assault isolationism frontally until he was certain that its flanks were turned and it was already weakened from within. Of course there can be no doubt in his mind that its defenders still fight on: the debates over tariffs and quotas, the omnipresence of the Bricker Amendment, the Battle and the McCarran-Walter acts, the sniping at the United Nations, and the investigating committees in which stalwart Republicans have frequently impaled Administration lieutenants—all testify to this. Yet while the Old Guard narrows its perimeter and hangs on, the President moves as though he is conscious its morale is dropping, its effectiveness as a political force gone, and its surrender all but arranged. The President's assumptions, of course, are based on trends that are now nearly two decades old.

TO BEGIN, Mr. Eisenhower's electoral victories have dealt body blows to the positions taken by the many Republicans who embraced isolationism primarily because the Democrats were in and they were out of office. Political opposition in this country is notoriously negative, and there is no question, particularly in view of the GOP's chronic incapacity to formulate modern socio-economic programs or to escape the stigma of the depression, that isolationism was less a matter of conviction among Republicans than a handy blunt instrument. Thus for instance, and the examples are legion, Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt were accounted the most vociferous of internationalist jingoes when Republicans ruled at the turn of the century, and even many years later they and a number of their friends in the Party spoke in behalf of an international organization—before it appeared that Mr. Wilson would take the credit for creating one.

In neither man's case were partisanship and principle incompatible, of course, but had Wilson been a Republican (and as even Democrats must admit, less the

Mr. Yearley, a regular contributor, is a member of the history department at the University of Florida.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puritan seeking martyrdom) it is probable their courses would have been markedly different. Again, and more recently, the responsible Republicans who participated in Mr. McCarthy's forays against Acheson, Truman, and the State Department—or witnessed them with equanimity—are currently discovering that they can afford less tolerance towards such cavalier negativism when the onus of conducting government rests on their shoulders. The rise of Republican votes on foreign aid proves the point.

FURTHER, our traditional anti-militarism has declined steadily with the emergence of a big, permanent, and expensive military establishment, a new power elite, and the unprecedented glamor that has come to be associated with a military career. This armed establishment is quite obviously a prime requisite for the kind of internationalism demanded by the mid-century balance of power. Moreover, those who direct it not only tend to think in global terms but quite naturally develop a vested interest in appropriations geared to international commitments.

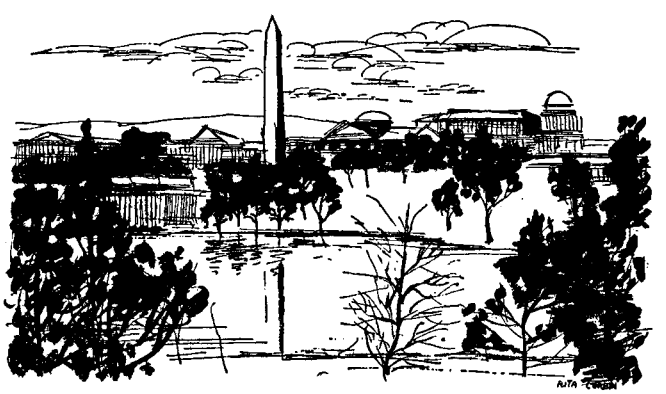
Religious props that underpinned isolationism have been slipping also. For the Catholics, for instance, to whom American recognition of and then alliance with the Communists were such open affronts as to drive them—often despite their economic interests—to support the Coughlinites of the thirties, or at least to oppose Rooseveltian internationalism, fresh alternatives have become possible. The anti-Communist alignment of the last decade has, if anything, positively encouraged the growth of an international outlook which allows them to continue fighting the old enemy but in a new way. Similar changes, we are assured, have been affecting our Scandinavian and German Lutherans, and those religious groups that trace their roots back to Central Europe.

Likewise, although their ranks are by no means broken, our second largest immigrant group, the German-Americans, who for more than a generation have supplied the ethnic rockbed of isolationist sentiment, have begun to face changes and defections. Where formerly their parochialism drew substance from two tragic world wars aimed at the reduction of their old homeland, they can now perhaps take comfort in the fact that a German commander leads NATO troops, that West Germany is now an ally to whose defense the United States is irrevocably committed. While much of the power behind McCarthyism and isolationism remains among these people, it has nonetheless perceptively weakened.

Along with ethnic and religious factors that are a part of its strength, sectional, or more specifically Middle Western, isolationism has begun to atrophy. Industrialization, greater awareness of economic interdependence, as well as an alert appreciation of the uses of central government, have encouraged numerous Midwesterners to abandon the old Populist-inspired suspicions of the Eastern money-power and "government by Wall Street." No longer are these concepts serving as the foundation for the perverse logic that caused the Midwest to attack the East politically by opposing internationalism. Continuing urbanization, the steady assimilation of farmers in cities or, more importantly, to the city culture, have fostered a more cosmopolitan and sophisticated atmosphere than prevailed in this section during the days when William Allen White was spreading the gospel for the Committee to Aid the Allies.

IT MUST BE accounted of significance too that we have now been practicing internationalism for seventeen years, regardless of the guerrilla and rearguard actions waged against it. The long run educational impact of this situation has undoubtedly, despite its intangibility, been very great. There are sound reasons to believe that many of our mature voters, albeit regretfully, have accepted the realities of global upheaval and participation in the balance of power simply by virtue of our involvement in them these many years, while younger voters under thirty or thirty-five represent a generation which, as a practical matter, has never really known any insulation from world affairs. Among the young men of the Republican Party this has been and will continue to be a fact of importance.

And it is no strain on our credulity to credit fifteen years of rising economic activity and unprecedented booms with having minimized the danger that we would seek a wholesale abandonment of our international obligations. For Big Business is still the preponderant element in the Republican Party: Mr. Eisenhower's Cabinet, his appointments, and the recently published sources of campaign contributions are reminders of this if any are needed. And this group, given the international scope of its operations, its own and the country's dependence on the outside world for critical raw materials, ideas, and skills, is almost of necessity becoming internationalist. It is inconceivable that most oil or steel



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interests, to cite but two of many, could tolerate a return to the isolationism of the twenties. The literature of the industrial world, revealing a broader outlook than it did thirty years ago, the enormous confidence of American oligopolists that they can sell and compete in world markets, or the Randall Report, much as it leaves to be desired, are more than mere straws in the wind. In short, the economic, emotional, and ethnic foundations of the once flourishing old school isolationism have apparently all eroded away. They will be a long time in passing, no doubt, but there seems to be a diminishing likelihood that they will soon, if ever, be shored up.

Inwardly, with respect to the GOP, we can assume either of two things about the inaugural: that in it Mr. Eisenhower, nerved to action by his overwhelming mandate, threw down the gauntlet to the isolationists of his Party, or, since the President's character lends scant encouragement to this belief, that the address was designed to advertise the fact that a compromise position of qualified internationalism has been reached inside the Republican hierarchy.

The nature of the compromise, if we are correct in assuming there has been one, between Eisenhower internationalists and the isolationist wing is not presently clear. But the hearings and debates over the configurations of the budget and military expenditures during the past months may provide important clues. The Administration has been placing increasingly less emphasis on manpower, or increases in the number of troops at home or abroad, whereas strategic air power, atomic striking forces, massive retaliation at long range, and intercontinental missiles have moved to the forefront. Carefully considered, the net effect of these devices is to make concessions to the Hoover school and permit the slow withdrawal of our main forces to within our continental bastion—the dream ultimately of most isolationists. What the President may agree to grant the Right Wing in respect to matters economic is the more intriguing portion of the puzzle that time alone can reveal. Perhaps the gains which the President has won for internationalism have been at the expense of a revitalization of Republican socio-economic policies. We can only wait and see.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

Catholics and Social Justice

JOHN C. CORT

BACK IN 1939 I was incarcerated in a Catholic TB sanatorium in the New York area. The cure of tuberculosis is a long-term business and in the course of the days and months one picks up a lot of miscellaneous information from patients and employees. One of the things I learned was that porters and kitchen help in this hospital were getting $35 a *month,* plus room and board and the risk of a nice case of TB.

Down the road a bit there was another Catholic institution, an old people's home, operated by a different order of nuns, which was known by the Bowery types who worked there as "the Five and Ten." The name came from the fact that this institution paid its lay help $5 and $10 a month, plus room and board. You can see why they were Bowery types. No one else was willing to work there.

I also knew, in the thirties, a group of men, employees of a large Catholic university, who tried to organize a union and were quickly and vigorously suppressed by the religious college authorities. Since then I have heard of and witnessed similar abortive union efforts in Catholic social agencies, at Catholic colleges and institutions, on Catholic diocesan newspapers. The pattern was monotonously the same: workers wanting to join a union so that they could win better wages and working conditions, management dead-set against unionization and working energetically, and usually successfully, to defeat it.

I have not written about these things in the past because I thought that such information would comfort enemies of the Church, and in particular the Communists, who would doubtless use it to discredit, among the workers, all the efforts by Catholic clergy and laity to spread the social teachings of the Church and to inspire management and labor with the spirit of social justice and charity.

It seems unthinkable that the Communists, who had good sources of information, never got wind of these little scandals themselves. Perhaps they too were afraid of publicizing them, for fear of getting a reputation among the workers of being anti-Catholic. But the fact

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that very few of these incidents ever reached the light of public print. Some, of course, could not very well avoid it and I remember that the *Daily Worker* found it easy to make grist for its mill out of the New York cemetery strike.

But these things are receiving increasing attention in the Catholic press. *Ave Maria,* the magazine of the Holy Cross Fathers, recently published an article highlighting the complaints of lay teachers at Catholic colleges, especially on the subject of low wages and insecurity. And editorial comment in The Commonweal drew letters on the same subject from many of its readers.

A FEW MONTHS ago the Boston *Pilot,* archdiocesan Catholic paper, gave its readers a picture of the dramatic contrast between preaching and practice in the field of labor relations, as practiced by some Catholic institutions. Perhaps it was unintentional. At any rate the *Pilot* ran on its first page, as part of its "Theology for Everyman" series, an article on "The Right to Unionize" which contained the following lines:

"Employers should not be unduly suspicious of efforts among their employees to organize and to affiliate with other associations. . . . An employer should not oppose a union simply because the union restricts his freedom to negotiate with his employees. Those employers who object to unionization should ask themselves honestly whether or not their motives are sound and constructive. . . . [They] may be simply lagging behind the times in refusing to recognize that the unions have come to stay and that the real problem is not to suppress them but to work for their proper integration into a social order based on justice and charity."

On page two, where this article ended, the *Pilot* ran a news story from the NCWC press service. This story told about an agreement between top AFL-CIO labor leaders in the Toledo area and the administrators of seven private Toledo hospitals, including three Catholic ones. The agreement "climaxed negotiations following a strike that started on November 2 at Mercy Hospital (Catholic). On that day ten maintenance men of an electrical workers local went on strike at the hospital in an effort to win union recognition."

Actually, there was so little agreement between the parties that the union leaders and the administrators issued separate statements. The union leaders deplored the use of strikes in hospitals. The administrators said that they would deal with "employee representatives elected by the employees from their own ranks." The unions will have no representatives in the hospitals to handle grievances or wage disputes at the first level. And there is no union recognition. However, if there is no agreement between the hospital administrator (a professional) and the employee representatives (amateurs), then the dispute may be referred to a "community board of appeals" made up of two members designated by the hospitals, two by the AFL-CIO, and two public members chosen by the other four.

Msgr. Robert A. Maher, Toledo diocesan director of health and hospitals and a past president of the Catholic Hospital Association, according to the news story, "noted that hospital officials were pleased that there will be no intervention by an outside party between hospital administrators and employees in their service to the sick." For "outside party" one can read "union."

In short, with very little reading between the lines, we can see that what we have here is not a union agreement, but another union defeat, with the face-saving device of a "community board of appeals" by which the unions, ejected from the front door, are admitted, briefly and at irregular intervals, at the back door.

The March 12 issue of *Services Labor Report,* put out by the Bureau of National Affairs, tells us that Local 302, Hotel & Restaurant Employees, AFL-CIO, is having trouble at a leading Catholic university. It says that 79 out of 80 employees in a given unit joined up and that the university agreed to recognize and bargain with the union.

Then a change of heart set in. The university "backed an independent group and told employees, by means of a circular and through meetings, that it would prefer to bargain with the independent association rather than with Local 302. . . On February 28 it called employees into a meeting at which they were told that the sooner they joined the independent union the sooner they would be covered by a contract and receiving wage increases."

The problem facing the union is that the school is considered a non-profit institution which can't be forced to comply with provisions of the state Labor Relations Act. Or the Taft-Hartley Act. The same problem faces all unions in this field.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from a reader who told me the sad story of the efforts of a local of the Office Employees International Union, AFL-CIO, to secure a contract for the employees of two Catholic social agencies run by a diocese which has distinguished itself on the lecture platform as a friend of Catholic social theory.

The union won the support of a majority of the employees, but after nine months of negotiations it withdrew last December because of inability to gain any form of union security. During this period, according to my correspondent, the priest-director of the agencies handed out unilateral raises and fringe benefits, made a plea to the employees to the effect that a union was unnecessary and any problems could be worked out "within the family," and invited in a so-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called labor-management expert to address the staff and tell them that a union was ineffective for this kind of group. These tactics, plus a firm stand at the bargaining table, were successful in driving the union away.

SUCCESSFUL? Success is a relative term. A lot depends on what you are trying to accomplish. If the objective is to run a Catholic institution or agency at the lowest possible cost, and with a minimum of interference from "outside parties," then it is a sure thing that these tactics were a success.

On the other hand, if the objective is to prove that the Church practices what she preaches, if the objective is to serve as a shining example to the world of what social justice really means, then it would seem that these methods are a terrible and tragic failure.

Granted, it is going to take more money. But Catholics have always astounded their non-Catholic brethren by how much money they can raise when the object is to build churches, schools and hospitals, things of mere stone, brick and mortar. Should it be any more difficult to raise the money necessary to staff these monuments with people who are efficient and happy in their work because they receive living wages and decent, human working conditions?

The picture is not all black. I know there are Catholic agencies and institutions that have good relations with unions of their employees. Diocesan newspapers in Cleveland, Detroit and New Orleans have contracts and friendly relations with the American Newspaper Guild, AFL-CIO.

It can be done. With all due respect to the dedicated men and women who run these organizations, usually at great personal sacrifice and under the constant shadow of poverty and need, we who are a little closer to the workers can only tell them this: If it can't be done, then everything we believe in is wrong. But it can be done, and we must work to see that it is.

AN APPEAL

Father Victor Rajanayagam, O.S.B., asks aid for his impoverished charges in Ceylon. "This is entirely a Planting district. Miles and miles of tea and nothing else. Seventy thousand people live in the most abject conditions. A whole family, six or seven, is huddled in a room ten feet by twelve. This one room is their whole house. If they are fortunate enough to work every day they earn a maximum of six pounds a month. . . . Just now we have nothing but a school on leased land. Children are daily knocking at our door. We turn them away for want of room." Donations may be sent directly to Father Victor at Holy Rosary Mission, Bogawantala, Ceylon, or c/o Rt. Rev. D. B. Regno, O.S.B., Bishop of Kandy, Ceylon. (Airmail 25c)

THE SCREEN

LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY INTO DAY

IT'S HARD to say how the paying customers will feel about "The Bachelor Party," which seems to have divided magazine movie critics into a battle of the sexes. Most of the women reviewers show only a lukewarm interest, but the men are enthusiastic. Actually "The Bachelor Party" is a well-made and stimulating film, perhaps too long and too masculine as it tells its story of five office workers out on the town celebrating a pal's last night of freedom. But like the other Paddy Chayefsky films, "Marty" and "The Catered Affair," this one sets up an effective New York atmosphere and then bulges with problems.

Its central character is not the prospective bridegroom (well played by Philip Abbott), hesitant and scared about the coming nuptials, but rather a young, married bookkeeper (expertly portrayed by Don Murray) who is tired—tired of working every day, going to night school every night—and now is annoyed that his wife is pregnant and will have to quit her job. He planned not to join that night's party, but during the course of the morning as he feels sorrier and sorrier for himself and as he and two other married men (E. G. Marshall as the eldest and Larry Blyden as the wisest of the group) listen somewhat enviously to the office's long-established bachelor (Jack Warden) babble on about his various dates, Murray decides to go out with the boys. The bachelor party starts out with bubbling spirits as the five men gather for drinks and dinner in Greenwich Village, but becomes a fiasco as the night wears on and the men search desperately for the "big time" they have been promising the bridegroom and themselves.

They try too hard, and the film's director, Delbert Mann, in full control of his cast at all times, has done an excellent job in portraying the changes of mood as gaiety gives way to tawdriness and then to sordidness. After dinner the revelers wander along Eighth Street, go to Warden's apartment to kill some time and look at dirty movies (the camera during this unusual scene shows us not the stag party films but the faces of the five viewers), and then they move on to a series of bars. As they continue drinking, Don Murray, who took an evening off from study and work in order to have fun, realizes he's not having a very good time, and Larry Blyden, who sees the party going sour, bows out after advising Don not to spoil his marriage by cheating, and the prospective bridegroom keeps plaguing everyone with his fears about the advisability of his forthcoming marriage. While a bored stripteaser goes through her act, Murray impatiently shakes off Abbott's questions. Then it is Warden, the smart-alecky perennial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bachelor, who picks up a girl for the shy Abbott; but up in her room, Abbott realizes this is not the answer to his questions either, and he walks out on the angry girl.

Chayefsky concentrates on the male side of the story but does throw an occasional scene to the women. And under Delbert Mann's direction, they make their short scenes count—especially Patricia Smith as Murray's patient and perturbed wife, Nancy Marchand as her cynical sister-in-law who advises her to have an abortion, and Carolyn Jones in a brilliant portrait of a talkative Existentialist at a crowded Village party. Murray, Warden and Abbott crash this amusing party for a while, and then the film makers realize they better wind up their tale of men on the loose; anyway, it's 3 A.M. In a bar again, the now thoroughly confused bridegroom phones his bride and cancels the wedding; and then he passes out. Don Murray takes him home and, in trying to straighten out the frightened bridegroom, Don defends marriage and explains that love is making someone else happy; and Don realizes his own marriage is right.

No doubt "The Bachelor Party" is meant to be a comedy—but it's such a sad comedy. The good acting and Harold Hecht's fine production (handsomely photographed in black-and-white with lots of New York local color in Greenwich Village, the Stuyvesant housing project and subways) add to the realism. The sordidness and the frustrated search for fun add to the sadness. Unforgettable is the look on the face of Don's wife after she suggests she get rid of the coming baby and he only replies, "But isn't that dangerous?" And saddest of all is the final shot of perennial bachelor Warden. "What's there to go home for? I've read all the papers." And he sits at one end of a long bar starting a conversation with a frowsy tart at the other end.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE LILLIE AND THE FOLLY

THE AGE OF Ziegfeld understood at once the ideas of order and of luxury. After it, perhaps, the deluge, but for a moment, this creamy, blonde and vaporous innocence enforced its own authority: Ziegfeld was possibly the last theatrical impresario to grasp the implications of the word *folly*. He enshrined it in a species of entertainment which is all fatuous opulence and conspicuous waste: to Ziegfeld earth had nothing more fair to show than a parade of plumed and dimpled goddesses lolling remotely in an eternal sunburst of the flesh. He would have gagged in dismay at what time has done to his epitaph; today's "Ziegfeld Follies" marks the loss not only of a vision but of a world. Nothing is here of innocence in this sequence of hard, insistent beauties, their faces fixed in the desperate leer of commodity, undulating about in Mr. Raoul Pene Du Bois' vulgarities of sequin and gold *lamé*. One passes over the effrontery in silence, for however extravagantly aigrettes and feathers sprout, wit and taste do not.

Miss Beatrice Lillie, of course, will have none of such cynicism and trumpery of sex: she knows that the crises of life are not those of passion, but of a world of malignity trying to do one dirt. Asparagus that wilt, lobsters that languidly lift a carnivorous claw towards the unsuspecting diner—Miss Lillie has known them all. Yet she is not a misanthrope; no one more gallantly confronts *lacrimae rerum;* her motto is, rather, Watch and Ward. Inspect all closets and amorous men. Avoid airplanes ("I've got a feeling we're falling") but also ships; when one crashes, invariably it lands on the other. Trust not love, a gay deceiver, nor time, that old gypsy man. Miss Lillie's response to events, as Mr. Kenneth Tynan has so astutely observed, is summed up in the apprehensive comment: "Hmmmmmm." If she is somewhat weighted down here with banality and with words (her nemesis), she nonetheless manages to soar out over the audience blithely, dropping garters and *bonhomie;* she gives India a suspicious scrutiny, and puts Kabuki in its place with ten minutes of asthmatic bleating and a Japanese tea ceremony which ends with Miss Lillie producing from her capacious kimono an American flag, Lt. Pinkerton's papoose, and an honorable bottle of Gordon's honorable gin. (*At the Winter Garden.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE 'MIRACLE' CASE"

Lakeville, Conn.

TO the Editors: In Mr. Cogley's article on "Catholics and Civil Liberties" [March 1] there is one sentence that is strikingly in need of correction: "In the 'Miracle' case the Supreme Court, passing on the meaning of the First Amendment, came out unanimously against the almost universal opinion of Catholic leadership in this country."

The Supreme Court was not passing on the meaning of the First Amendment, but on the meaning of the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Mr. Justice Clark, giving the opinion of the Court (*United States Law Week*, May 27, 1952), gave the appellant's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three numbered claims: "(1) that the statute (of New York State) violates the Fourteenth Amendment as a prior restraint upon freedom of speech and of the press; (2) that it is invalid under the same Amendment as a violation of the guaranty of separate church and state and as a prohibition of the free exercise of religion; and (3) that the term 'sacrilegious' is so vague and indefinite as to offend due process."

After reporting that the Appellate Division and the Court of Appeals of New York had rejected these claims, Justice Clark stated the issue before the Supreme Court: "As we view the case, we need consider only the appellant's contention that the New York statute is an unconstitutional abridgement of free speech and a free press."

The Supreme Court did not decide that the "Miracle" was *not* sacrilegious. The only question before the Court was the constitutionality of the New York law, under the Fourteenth Amendment, which contains the only authority the Supreme Court has for reviewing a *state* decision on whether the *state* has deprived a person of "liberty without due process of law."

It seems doubtful indeed that the "Catholic leadership in this country" has a discoverable, and an "almost universal opinion" on the meaning of the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Clearly, and not surprisingly, Catholic opinion was divided as to whether this film was sacrilegious; so was Protestant and Jewish opinion. All three were represented in the unanimous decision of the New York Board of Regents that the film was sacrilegious. I should be interested in seeing any valid evidence indicating which branch of Catholic opinion constituted a majority.

J. M. O'NEILL.

REPLY

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: It seems to me that Mr. O'Neill has implicitly answered his own objections. It is true that the Court held that "due process" had not been observed in the banning of "The Miracle." But why was that banning unconstitutional? In delivering the opinion of the Court, Mr. Justice Clark wrote that "it is not the business of government in our nation to suppress real or imagined attacks upon a particular religious doctrine, whether they appear in publications, speeches, or motion pictures." Why is it not the business of government? The Court argued that it is not the government's business because under the First Amendment the State is not competent to define a religious concept. Therefore neither the Court nor any other governmental body could decide whether "The Miracle" was or was not sacrilegious.

Mr. Justice Clark wrote: "We hold . . . that under the First and Fourteenth Amendments a state may not ban a film on the basis of a censor's conclusion that it is 'sacrilegious.' " This was the concluding sentence of the Court's finding. The opening sentence read: "The issue here is the constitutionality under the First and Fourteenth Amendments of a New York statute which permits the banning of motion picture films on the ground that they are 'sacrilegious.' "

I don't think I was off base when I wrote that in handing down its decision the Court passed on the meaning of the First Amendment.

On Mr. O'Neill's second point about Catholic opinion —he has switched the terms on me. I did not claim that there was a universal opinion among Catholic leaders on the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, nor even on whether "The Miracle" was or was not sacrilegious. I claimed that it was the almost universal opinion of Catholic leadership that a film could properly be banned on the ground that it was sacrilegious; that it was not contrary to the First Amendment for a government body to make such a judgment.

To document this impression, I could cite almost every public utterance on the question made by Catholic authorities before the case was heard. And, with very few exceptions, the editorial comments in the Catholic press. I know of no authoritative Catholic statements which reflected the Court's position.

JOHN COGLEY.

"OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS"

Sussex, Eng.

TO the Editors: In reference to the editorial note on obscene publications in your issue of March 15, I think your readers might be interested in a bill which will probably become law in Britain very shortly and which brings an altogether admirable new principle to bear on this problem.

According to the provisions of this bill, as I understand the matter, the determining element by which the obscenity or otherwise of a publication will be judged will be that of intention, and this has the advantage not only of being fair, but of considerably lightening the difficulty by which a court is faced. To judge whether a particular book or a particular passage in a book is liable to corrupt youth, which is the usual gravamen of the charge, is extremely difficult, but the question whether a writer is attempting a serious interpretation of life, or whether he is simply out to sell "dirt," is one which ordinary common sense is usually quite capable of judging.

Another interesting feature of the bill is that by its provisions the term "obscene" is to be held to include matter which offends by excessive insistence on horror and violence.

J. L. BENVENISTI.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A TELEVISION SHOCKER

NOT LONG ago William F. Buckley, Jr. appeared on Mike Wallace's "Night Beat," a local television interview program which has created a real stir in New York and is soon to be heard throughout the nation. Wallace, who pulls no punches in the questions he asks, introduced Mr. Buckley as "the right wing's own egghead" and proceeded then in a friendly way to challenge the young editor's radically anti-liberal views.

Fencing with Mike Wallace is a popular midnight sport in New York nowadays. More than one famous figure has come out of the ordeal looking the worse for wear after a half hour spent answering embarrassing questions and being called upon to defend half-forgotten writings and statements made under other circumstances. When you tell a New Yorker you saw so-and-so on "Night Beat," the reaction invariably is "How did he do?" rather than "What did he say?" The idea seems to be that chosen guests go into the ring not so much with Mike Wallace as with their own pasts and their own worst selves. The same human passions that support bullfighting and prize fighting have skyrocketed "Night Beat" to popular favor, for there is no use denying that people find some dark pleasure in watching a fellow human being—especially a famous one—squirm as he is forced to face up publicly to his own contradictions, stupidities, shortcomings, dishonesties and, often enough, the unlovely aspects of his personal history. Mike Quill, the outspoken labor leader, once called the program a "peep show." The comparison was fairly apt. There is something of the strip tease there as famous figures sitting under an unkind spotlight agree to peel away their usual reticences for the enjoyment if not the edification of millions.

It is hard to understand why famous figures submit themselves to such an unnecessary ordeal until one remembers that millions are watching and the program does challenge a guest's intelligence and ingenuity. I suppose every participant goes into the thing with the hope that the next day when people say "How did he do?" the answer will be "Wonderful!"

Bill Buckley, I thought, handled himself with the poise and skill of an expert. He did not vary from the controversial views set down in *God and Man at Yale* and in the weekly issues of his *National Review,* and he defended them with dignity, intelligence and flair if not persuasiveness.

Buckley's views on most questions are not mine, to be sure, but I have an infinite admiration for the nimbleness of his mind and the trigger facility of his tongue. More than that, on many fairly fundamental questions we share the same principles. As I watched him the other night I found myself agreeing often with his premises and then balking like a mule at the conclusions he reached. I suppose he would feel the same way were he to watch me under the spotlight.

At one point in the exchange Buckley said something that apparently sounded outrageous even to Mike Wallace's shockproof ears. Buckley came right out and claimed that there was a difference between Christianity and other religions; moreover, he added that the difference, as he saw it, was that Christianity was true and other religions were not. "I would not be a Christian if I did not believe that," he added boldly. After hearing so much of the religious vagueness and pious cant that keep coming over the airwaves, I wanted to give him an Emmy award then and there for the most refreshing bluntness heard on the airwaves in 1957.

Why was Buckley's simple profession of belief in, first, the idea of religious truth, then in Christianity and finally in his own Church so arresting? I think it was because so many people no longer think of religion in terms of truth or falsehood. Millions have stopped considering religion as something to engage the rational side of man. Religion is thought of as merely a form of cultural expression or laudable moral aspiration; to speak of its doctrines as being subject to such classifications as "true" or "false" sounds alien and downright impious.

The fear is that a man who believes in something so firmly that he says quite flatly it is true and its opposite false will be brutally intolerant of others. The feeling is that the only basis for tolerance is a kind of genteel skepticism. Firm belief leads to fanaticism. And fanaticism leads to community dissension and fearful intolerance. Admittedly, there is much historical if not intellectual justification for this claim. As Father Victor White once wrote in The Commonweal, "Zeal for truth has too often been a cloak for the most evil and revolting of human passions." Father White used the word "cloak," so the question is, is it really devotion to the truth or human frailty which has been responsible for wars of religion, bigotry and crass intolerance?

In a recent lecture Jacques Maritain said: ". . . given the weakness of our nature, the impact of the highest and most sacred things upon the coarseness of the human heart is liable to make these things, by accident, a prey to its passions, as long as it has not been purified by genuine love. It is nonsense to regard fanaticism as a fruit of religion. Fanaticism is a natural tendency rooted in our basic egotism and will to power."

This is a big subject, too big, I am afraid, for the small pretensions of this page. But I would like to return to it next week. JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHORT STORY

Nobody Came

ISOBEL ENGLISH

IT'S A fine old house really, and to live at the top is to be nearer the birds who nest under the eaves. I find that with a rest on the second floor and a slow-down on the half-landing just below my flight, I can do it nicely without much waste of breath. There is a little ledge there that exactly fits the bottom of my basket; it might have been made for it.

I used to live in these parts years ago. I was born in one of the terraced houses behind the biggest store in the High Street. The room that I was born in had a green Wilton carpet, very fine close pile that spread like grass over the whole floor. There was a wallpaper of mixed fruits in my nursery and my father used to pretend to eat them, imaginary apples and pears and golden oranges.

Oranges are a terrible price today.

I never managed to collect things; nothing really stuck to me for long. I used to think of this as a scientific means of travelling fastest; now I know that it was really a natural attribute like a glassy surface to which nothing will adhere.

A long time ago I had a daughter. You mustn't think that I am an old crackpot when I say this. It isn't an imaginary child that I am referring to. She was actually born, and she didn't die.

I had a daughter, and she was called Sabrina after my mother's sister. I recall the shifting grayness of the high-ceilinged sky over the sea above Ramsgate. This child of mine was boarded at a school a little out of the town; seagulls wheeled and screeched over the still masts enclosed in the pond of a harbor. It was always bitterly cold when I went there.

Another thing about my room at the top of the house: it is never cold. There is no need to light the gas fire except on about five or six days in the year. This room is situated right next to the tank that stores the hot water; I can even dry my underclothes by putting them on the rails of a chair near the dividing wall.

Sabrina, as I was saying, had the kind of misty gray good looks that never clear up into anything definite. She was at her best before she had begun. In the dark parlor of this seaside boarding school the plum-clothed nun who was Sabrina's schoolmistress had said: "There is no doubt but that the whole catastrophe has been a great shock to Sabrina." I had been looking out through the Pugin gothic window across the broad flowerbeds that were so tightly packed with salvia as to give no possible room for the beauty of outward growth—no heart anywhere. The voice had gone on: "We must try and give her a sense of security and leave the rest to the Holy Ghost." This lady had the waxiest of complexions that I have ever seen on any living person. Her handshake of farewell was like a spongeful of icy water that squeezed into a thousand shocking drops.

It is not difficult to bury oneself in a great city, but it takes time rather than cleverness, the death and departure of many people to perfect the act. At first the cobwebs of concealment are very scant, anyone can find one just by going out into the street for a quarter of a pound of tea.

Sabrina used to find me. She was then quite grown-up on thin spiky heels. I used to hear her coming, clattering along the pavement from the end of the street. Living on a ground floor, as I did then, had its disadvantages.

WHEN I get to the top, I have a very nice little surprise in store. It is my birthday today and I have not forgotten it. This fine-grained leather diary at the bottom of my basket may seem inordinately extravagant, but for what it is with a gilt clasp and key it was extremely cheap for nine shillings. My father had just such a book that he wrote in. The pages were covered with sharp even letters that joined melodiously in the not too extravagant loops. My writing has never been even or consistent. Every time I hold a pen it is an experiment; I have to decide how it will be—straight or slanting, or simply the broken script I was taught as a child.

There is nothing in this world that I know of that will hold people together for a lifetime; neither blood nor money, certainly not gold rings. I think perhaps that the inheritance of land may be the one exception. As even cats fight over territory, so a few hundred acres will hold a family together for reasons of avarice or pride. Now I am becoming censorious and it is because of my one suitcase and two canvas bags.

Once long ago someone had forgotten the lines in the poetry class and my hand shot up to prompt. After I had said the words,

Isobel English, who has contributed one previous short story to The Commonweal, is an English writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away,

I felt that I had made a prophetic announcement, but I did not know then that it would apply to myself.

When I get up to my room I intend to really make a beginning. I am going to use this brand-new diary that gives a full page for each day. There is a very nice little table that will exactly fit under the window sill; fortunately the casters on my divan run smoothly, and with no effort at all and only a little push I can have a nice springy seat at the table.

First of all I will try and describe the exact quality of the line along the sloping ceiling from the window to the door. There is something to do with tenderness in this curve when it is yellow with sunlight; it can also be piercingly revealed by a March afternoon sky, made quite gray and harsh, ruthlessly unforgiving.

Sabrina's father had the most dangerous gray eyes that I have ever seen. They reminded me of the kind of wild pond that is usually fenced off for the safety of children. I cannot remember very much else of Sabrina's father; his odd eyes with a network of fine veins like lace over the cornea—that, and the fact that he was rather small. I stood a good three inches above him always, but Sabrina never passed the level of his ear. They looked very well together when she was grown-up, a natural pair.

I have to give the key to my room a sharp dig into the lock and then a slight twist; it needs this double encouragement before the door opens.

How lovely the sun is today. My slope is like a stretch of curving yellow sand; only it should be on the ground instead of over my head.

I like the pink stuff of which the bedspread is made. It is really most convenient to be able to drop the basket on the floor and then flop down on the bed. When I am lying down I can see the roof tops, strange minarets and portholed attic windows stretching like a shallow one-storied city into eternity. Once I saw a workman walking across the roofs; he stepped over the deep crevices between the houses and skirted the gutterings as if they were only furrows in a ploughed field; he might have come all the way from Earls Court Stadium.

Someone is playing a piano. I can hear the ripple of notes, disconnected phrases repeating themselves; they float along from one of the upper rooms of the houses further down. Chopin is full of question marks and sadness. This piano player does not know the extent of the power that the loose execution of this nocturne is having on me. My mother played the piano; passionately and inaccurately, she drove her foot on the loud pedal as if she spurred on a horse.

I am going to write about all this, the effect of those minor intervals and cadences, after I have made some tea.

THERE IS one thing that is a very small drawbacl in my otherwise untroubled life. It is that I hav to go outside on the landing in order to draw wate for my kettle; it is only a few feet away, but never theless an eternity through the flat painted wood o the door. Once I have made the effort of will, I c fill a jug and a saucepan at the same time; the job i over for the day; I can shut my door again and insid there soon begins the happy singing and the steam

Sometimes on the landing I have run into the perso who lives in the room opposite mine. It is unavoidable We are the only two people on this floor and we mus face each other sometimes. Twice I have offered thi person a cup of tea, once when the lights fused a over the house and she had no candles, and the othe time on the night of the Queen's Coronation. Thi young woman has never returned the hospitality an I do not question her own private reasons. Sabrin would have minded very much this social drawing c a blank. She would have thought that it was somethin that was lacking in herself and grieved over it.

Today the door of the room across the landing i wide open, which is strange as there is no one inside The bed is neatly made and the chest of drawers i smooth of objects . . . but oh! the red dressing-gow *still* hangs from the hook on the wall. Someone wi return.

I find that the thought of this presence taken awa quite disturbs me, I who have let a whole family sli away almost unnoticed. I read in a book once: "Yo will hardly notice that you have died." How consolin to go forward untrammelled in spite of the strugg and paraphernalia left behind.

I will go and exist between the land and the se somewhere high above the gray sweep of concrete cliff at Ramsgate Harbor. I shall carry within myse always the very sad face of Sabrina when she was t years old, and I shall search her out again from among the stream of identical misty pink faces that file dai from the red brick of the Pugin Cloister.

Haven and hollows from the cold draughts of realit I think often of Cheddar Village down in the vall after the straggling descent through the toppling lim stone gorge. Of Wells folded into the arms of the Me dips. Grays and greens ridged with white. I could mal a lovely page of writing out of these memories.

I didn't suppose that my life could improve so mu in the way that it has. I never had any previous inc cation. Things merely simplified themselves by b coming less and less; problems removed themselves ambition and human relationships faded.

My room is a cave set high into the side of a bri mountain; it is like a nest in a treetop, only overlook by the sky. I have never encountered my neighbor ground level and this lends an unusual quality to o living side by side.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was something that my mother used to say, a story she read me about people who lived so high up and through such degrees of aridity and squalor that they made a stronghold of their rooms when they reached them, and never visited each other except rough the windows, travelling along the leaded gutterings, holding on to the flimsy iron rails of the fire escapes.

Now that I am really old it is as she told it to me: I fight my battle for existence on the ground, but I dwell so very far away from it all.

How stupid Olive was with her cloisonné and mould-brown curtains, remaining so unenlightened and weighted down right up to the moment of her last breath. Olive was my brother's wife and she had set herself up as judge and juror of my actions. "You've simply got to face it that life's like that," she had said to me when I was thirty years old, just after the divorce. Now she has been dead for over twenty years. There is no one to visit her grave and only me to remember her.

I WISH today that the sun had not moved so far beyond the square of my window. I must have forgotten the quick passing of time. My slope is quite gray now, and I haven't even begun to fill my pen and open the diary.

I wish I could hear on the stairs the movement of feet that don't stop on the landing below, the slow pause before the last upward pull.

Miss Shervington, Miss Shervington, is that your name? No one ever told me, it only seemed to me the most likely of all those on letters in the hallrack. If you ever go away from here, I shall be forced to move too; in this final phase I could not support the absence of your footfall, nor the knowledge of your empty room. I do not know why I should feel in this way when I have taken such pains in the last thirty years to produce exactly this kind of solitude.

The tea in the cup is pale and gray as only the unporous flowers of jasmine and rosemary stalks can color water. I wish that I could recall the shadowy roses on those thin Dresden cups I once carried with me from room to room—the last of a grandmother's tea service. They had to go, not consciously or with any hidden desire for their destruction. It seemed quite natural one Christmas that Sabrina should carry one away as a gift. I can remember her voice: "How *could* you have used them for all these years? No wonder they are full of hair cracks. You really are naughty, mother. I shall put this one in the china cabinet. What about the other?" Sabrina's light blue eyes could hold a rapacious light that she would never be able to conceal from me.

"I shall keep the other one, Sabrina," I had said, "perhaps even to break." She went away clucking with frustration and disapproval, her square white hands folded round the china as if it had been a live bird whose wings she would clip as soon as she reached home.

Lying on my bed, as I am now, I notice that the small shadows on the ceiling are like little wings. They flicker and jump, grow bigger and shrink, and yet there is nothing there unless I choose to bring it alive.

I am really too tired and uncoordinated to write anything in my new diary. I want only the best of my fancies to go into it.

I will get up and take off my stockings and underclothes in five minutes' time; then I shall reheat the water in the kettle and pour it once more over the leaves in the pot. A thin curl of bread and butter will be just the thing to revive me; many a time in the past it has brought me to life after a bad attack of migraine. The bread and butter together with the hot brown tea. My God, make me grateful for at least that.

Violet, who loves you? Who asked such a question? Somebody will come soon and say: "I'll make a fresh pot of tea. What about your pillow. Here's water for the night."

Sabrina is alive, I know, in Canada. She would not hear me if I called. The others are buried away out of hearing, or scattered to the winds over the plushy grass of North London. Let *me* be spared the furnace, I was going to say, of Golders Green! But it is something of far greater permanence from which I ask to be saved.

Nobody on the stairs, no movement in the room beyond. This is the silence of deep water, not the shallow quiet of afternoons disturbed by a light cough.

Violet Bland is my name, little Vi, at one time Violetta, for many years now—Miss Bland. . . . The violets sunk into the earth around the young beeches, no dot of purple piercing the flaky brown mould. . . . No one to tell the tale. . . . Violet, I said good-bye to you a long time ago. Now Miss Bland, I think that I must say good-bye. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Difference Between Novelists as an Index to Cultures

AN AGE OF FICTION: The French Novel from Gide to Camus. By Germaine Brée and Margaret Guiton. Rutgers University Press. $5.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

THE AUTHORS of this brilliant essay—240 pages long, but still an essay rather than an exhaustive contribution to literary history like Henri Peyre's *The Contemporary French Novel*—justify their title in a brief, stimulating introductory chapter. The post-1914 era in France, they claim, has been an "age of fiction" in two senses: fiction has overshadowed poetry and drama in both quantity and quality. "What strikes us in contemporary France is, first, the extraordinary number of major novelists appearing in one country within so short a span of time and, second, the fact that these novelists were highly aware of their role as propounders of a new conception of human reality." This new conception is ". . . that of a man who is dissatisfied with the various ready-made forms of existence that he finds around him and who deliberately attempts to create his own particular form of existence according to his personal convictions."

This description fits the work of Gide and Proust perfectly; with a bit of stretching it can be made to fit most of their successors too—including even the Catholic novelists, who fiercely satirize "ready-made forms of existence" not only in the secularist world but also among their fellow Catholics. Indeed, the passage quoted explains much of what is wrong with the fiction of the period as well as what is right with it. The typical hero of the French novel from Gide to Camus is intensely self-conscious, but never more so than his creator, who constantly reminds us, his readers, that we are turning the pages of a novel, not viewing "a slice of life." Proust and Gide carry this practice to fantastic extremes: over and over again they confront us with novelists—as narrators, as characters, even as heroes—besides committing what to Flaubert, James and Hemingway was the deadly sin of intervening in their own persons. This self-consciousness is a grave danger to a novelist because it may inhibit his unconscious, *"l'autre,"* as George Sand used to call it (". . . you should give the *other* his head a little more often," she told Flaubert, whose impersonality was his most self-conscious device).

Failure to win the cooperation of the unconscious for their self-conscious projects—"lack of inspiration," in an older jargon—doubtless explains the "movement away from fictional forms" which Mesdames Brée and Guiton note in the later work of Saint-Exupéry, Malraux, Sartre, and even Camus. It is far easier to write a "political essay" or a "morality play" than to incarnate a moral or philosophic concept in a convincing work of fiction. Proust did so, but the effort cost him his life; Gide won a few victories to offset his many defeats. Sartre's *Nausea* and Camus' *The Stranger,* however, do not succeed either as fiction or as philosophy. Camus' *The Plague* does create its own world, but the philosophy it exemplifies is a very familiar one—Stoicism.

I think that the recent prestige of the novel in France has attracted to the form many writers who were not true novelists. Furthermore, as I run my eye down the list of names in Miss Brée and Mrs. Guiton's table of contents, I begin to wonder about the relative greatness of this French "age of fiction." It might be amusing, and even instructive, to pick an English-speaking "team" which could match this French one, though it would be drawn from a population of over 200 millions, as against the 50 million people who make up the French-speaking world.

First, "The Masters"—Gide and Proust. We have Joyce to match Proust, but who could stand up to Gide on his own ground? I think we must assign two players to mark him—E.M. Forster as a "moralist" and Virginia Woolf as a technical innovator of acute sensibility.

In the section entitled "Brave New World," the Anglo-Americans are the home team: we invented the sociological novel, after all. Against Duhamel, Romains, Martin du Gard, Aragon and Aymé we can send in Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos, C. P. Snow, James T. Farrell and Angus Wilson, with the calm assurance that we have five more on the bench just as husky.

"Private Worlds" may seem to make the going a little tougher, but don't forget that Faulkner is on our side: his unconscious is big enough to swallow even that of Bernanos and leave room for Mauriac's besides. (I hope it is clearly understood that I am not comparing Mauriac's intellect with Faulkner's). We can safely rely on D. H. Lawrence to outplay his opposite number, Jean Giono. With Julien Green and Henri Bosco I am not familiar, but Graham Greene or Francis Stuart ought to give the former some trouble; as for the latter, Forrest Reid's serene mingling of boyhood with the occult should compete on even terms with him.

It may be harder to match Cocteau and Giraudoux, when we come to "Escapes and Escapades." Perhaps the poets can help us—Robert Graves, Walter de la Mare? Or the university dons—J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis? Of Raymond Queneau I have only read *Pierrot mon ami,* which is James Stephens with a dash of bitters; for Céline we can revert to the two-platoon system, relying on Henry Miller to outdo him in the erotic and Wyndham Lewis in the misanthropic.

In the section headed "Return to Man," we can send in Hemingway to cover Malraux. As for Antoine ("The Mail Must Go Through") Saint-Exupéry, Kipling did all that much, much better; if we must have a literate technician who died a violent death during World War II, Hans Otto Storm, author of *Pity the Tyrant,* deserves some share of the Frenchman's in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lated reputation. The French have gotten absurdly over-excited about 'Saint-Ex" and about Malraux—the only two intellectuals since Victor Hugo and Rimbaud who could take their mufflers off without catching cold. Sartre and Camus, however posterity ultimately rates them, represent a kind of novelist hard to parallel among Anglo-Saxons. I offer, without much conviction, Aldous Huxley and George Orwell—unless our side is allowed to pick Koestler?

Readers more familiar than I with the modern French novel may question the strength of my team, but I am prepared to defend it in all seriousness. The differences between our sense of the importance of our own novelists and the French people's sense of the importance of theirs stems from the difference between our two cultures, with their conflicting views on the creative writer's value to society. Because of the latter difference, French literary journalism—reviewing as opposed to criticism—is vastly superior to ours. Each novel by a gifted writer in France is an event, not in the world of retail trade, but in the world of thought. It is interpreted as a political manifesto, as a step in a vast philosophical argument, as a fresh extension of man's consciousness, as a new insight into the human condition. French writers often pander unwisely to this attitude by trying to make each of their novels a new departure, or by attempting a philosophical profundity which they cannot sustain. It is by such means, nevertheless, that France retains her place of honor as the perpetually overstimulated consciousness of Western civilization.

What does that consciousness register right now? Our authors' final chapter comments briefly on a few writers who have just recently won some reputation and concludes that ". . . a period is now apparently closed. The 'new novel' is more concerned with discovering the real nature of human life than with explaining its ultimate meaning, with consent rather than with revolt, with exact formulation rather than with poetic or lyrical interpretation."

Toynbee: Criticism and Judgment

TOYNBEE AND HISTORY: CRITICAL ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. Edited by M. F. Ashley Montagu. Porter Sargent. $5.
THE PROFESSOR AND THE FOSSIL. By Maurice Samuel. Knopf. $4.

By M. A. FITZSIMONS

EACH OF THESE volumes belies its first impression. The first, a collection of three notices by Toynbee and thirty articles on him, written mainly as reviews, seemed likely to be a bound shambles. This snap judgment received confirmation from the editor's statement that each writer would offer a summary of what Toynbee was trying to do. Here apparently was an uncomposed composition, three themes by the master and after them monotony or what you will. But the editor's selection makes a volume that examines many of the principal questions raised by *A Study of History*. Samuel's book, promising as the work of a single author devoted to a single theme, Toynbee's account of Jewish civilization and people, has the merits and defects of an apologetic work, and is more forceful than convincing.

The dimensions of Toynbee's synthesis of history require criticism from the viewpoint of historians, sociologists, theologians and philosophers. In World War I his recognition of the contemporaneity of Thucydides and his sense of the decline and mortality of Western civilization impelled him to attempt a reconstruction of the whole of human experience. If Thucydides was a contemporary, and if Western civilization was as mortal as Socrates, then the idea of linear, evolutionary progress was a delusion. The wrecks of other civilizations, brought to light by archeologists and orientalists, confirmed this disturbing thought. The Victorian sense of security, Toynbee argued, not only defied history but represented, above all, a yielding to the egocentric temptation, the worship of Mammon.

In reconstructing the whole human experience Toynbee has oddly mingled a scientific quest and a prophetic mission. First of all, he attempted a comparative study of civilizations to determine their laws and stages of development and decline. Here he claims that his aim "has been to try out the scientific approach to human affairs and to test how far it will carry us." The prophetic mission is a twofold one: he is calling the West to repentance for the Mammon worship of its nationalism, pride and materialism —and as a Westerner he reserves his harshest criticism for his own civilization and its antecedents, including Judaism. The failure to understand this accounts for much of the anger of such critics as

"Superior performance . . . one of the qualities that make Mr. Flood's work distinctive and engaging: his honest respect for people worthy of admiration and his recognition that they can still be found almost anywhere." — *Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times*

A Distant Drum
Charles Bracelen Flood
H.M.Co. ——— $4.50

A Catholic Book Service—A thorough search service for out-of-print books. Any subject or language. New and current books supplied.
Store: 6904 Roosevelt Road, Oak Park, Illinois
Hours: Evenings, 7 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 10
All mail communications to
C. F. PETELLE
Box 289, Maywood, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Douglas Jerrold in *The Lie About the West* and Samuel in *The Professor and the Fossil*. The other part of his mission also creates great difficulties, for here Toynbee is above all concerned to have us see in all local and partial histories "a common achievement and common possession of the whole human family . . . And it *is* one family, it always *has* been one family in the making." This search for unity leads him to reject the historic religions, Judaism, Islam and Christianity, because they give the scandal of particularity. Thus he is severely critical of any who hold that they are a chosen people or of a church which claims that it alone is true.

Toynbee the prophet, the interesting and valuable Toynbee, finds himself at ease with Toynbee the scientific empiricist. This is perhaps the greatest puzzle of all to a sympathetic but critical reader, for while the prophet dominates, the trappings of empiricism and science —and in spite of their massive and lavish measure, that is what they are—weigh down and detract from his intuitions. Toynbee the scientist is still the child of his time, and it is belief in the scientific character of his work which has sustained his enormous labors. If his critics could reach him in this matter, Toynbee the prophet might have a clearer vision.

This collection of criticism is therefore very important. The collection may be classified under the following headings: the academic sense of outrage or amusement at the project, sometimes weakened by an utter unconcern about Toynbee's questions — represented by Geyl, Barraclough, Stone, Trevor Roper, A. J. P. Taylor and Sir Ernest Barker, all lively and interesting. Then there are the studies of Toynbee's treatment of particular civilizations and subjects, usually by specialists—Robin and Eban (Judaism), Altree (China), Weil (Islam), Father Linus Walker (the Catholic Church), and Hans Kohn (Modern Western Civilization). The most valuable are the general ones, which seriously consider Toynbee's method, philosophy and religious views. In this group Christopher Dawson is outstanding, but the contributions by Kenneth Thompson, Hans Morgenthau, Pitirim Sorokin and Tangye Lean are remarkably good. Lewis Mumford's has been superseded by his excellent article in the issue of *Diogenes* (1956) devoted to Toynbee.

The reviewer would add one caution to his recommendation of this book. With the exception of the academic historians, most of the critics are so impressed by Toynbee's learning, the magnitude of his endeavor, and the charm of his personality that their sharpest criticisms are couched in gently muffled language.

Samuel has not so restrained himself. In his critical onslaught he finds many occasions for pointing to contradictions, without, however, always allowing for the different levels on which Toynbee speaks. It is hard for me to follow Samuel in his criticism of Toynbee's views on Israel, but he is rightly outraged by the seriousness with which

THAT DREAD WORD, TUBERCULOSIS! . . .

It used to be even more dismal when one was told he had that disease. Nowadays there are remedies. One in particular has been recommended for use in the missions and we are planning to send a million tablets to begin with, to 100 mission stations. You are invited to help. For $20.00 we will undertake to send 10,000 tablets to one of the many missionaries who are pleading for this remedy. Do not delay. The poor sufferers are waiting for relief. Tell your friends and get them also to contribute. Send your gift to Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., President, Catholic Medical Mission Board, Inc., 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

Our Lady of the Hills Camp

Hendersonville, N. C.

"In the Heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains"
"Vacationland of the South"

Supervised and Directed by Priests and Sisters Of the Diocese of Raleigh

For Boys and Girls, 8-16 years of age

244 acres—Lake—Swimming Pool—36 Buildings
Complete Camping Program—All Activities Included

Write to: Our Lady of the Hills Camp
412 S. Franklin St.
Rocky Mount, N. C.

"I availed myself of your services two years ago and obtained a Catholic college position. Now I would like to secure a summer teaching job..."

Teaching Position Wanted

• **ROMANCE LANGUAGES professor, M.A., desires Catholic college position. Resume, references. Box 119, THE COMMONWEAL.**

$2 for a full time teaching assignment? That's all it cost this advertiser. More and more teachers, and college heads seeking teachers, are using The Commonweal's Classified column. See rates on page 47.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Toynbee takes his own image of Judaism as a fossil. Samuel conclusively demonstrates how wrong Toynbee is in the matter, but it would have been helpful to explain why, for the error arises from the utter inadequacy of Toynbee's conception and analysis of civilizations and cultures.

Uneven Report

THE BRIDGE AT ANDAU. By James A. Michener. Random House. $3.50.

By FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

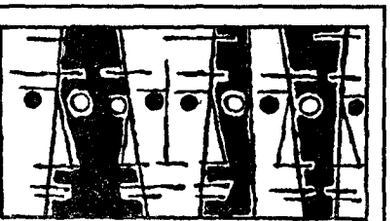
MR. MICHENER has written the first book length account of the Hungarian Revolution to be published in the United States. Named after a bridge in the north and west of Hungary over which streamed thousands of refugees seeking freedom and the West, *The Bridge at Andau* is the written testimony of a man who interviewed thousands of Hungarians who fled the return of the Soviet troops to their nation.

Young intellectuals sick of an education compounded of lies and hypocrisy; workers from "Red Cesepel" who rose, almost to a man, against the government that had considered them the flower of the new proletarian order; middle-class nationalists who had kept alive the traditions and poetry of Hungary; soliders who turned their guns against the hated secret police—these are the men and women Michener writes of with warmth, devotion, and even wonder. Emphasizing that the revolution was begun largely by the classes upon which Communism has placed its hopes, Michener insists that neither politics nor the hope of economic gain can explain the heroism of those glorious days of October and November when Hungary blazoned the finest cross on the field of Christian honor. The whip of overproduction, the failure to deliver the promised golden age, and the injustice of an economy rigged to provide luxuries for the Russians and their puppets point to something deeper which actually moved all Hungary to arms and rebellion: the revolt is simply not intelligible in economic, in Marxist, terms; it makes sense only in the light of the outrage a whole nation felt against the prostitution of truth and the degradation of human dignity that the occupation brought in its wake.

Perhaps this is best pointed out by the loathing Hungarians of all classes had for the AVO. Recruited from the bully boys of the old Nazi Arrow Cross party of Major Szálasi, from misfits, psychopaths and homosexuals drawn from all parts of Hungary, the AVO terrorized the populace with a sadism and a brutality, refined and gross by turn, that leaves the imagination reeling. The detailed and highly documented account of prison life in Communist Hungary, linked with the author's analysis of the absolute need for a secret security police in *every* Communist country, makes this book necessary reading for those who still imagine that there is some hope for a gradual humanization of the Iron Curtain countries.

The Bridge at Andau is a brilliant piece of reporting, but I am forced to add that it suffers from the ideological presuppositions of its author. Although the role of the Church was overplayed in the early accounts of the rebellion, Mr. Michener hardly mentions it at all. He seems almost tepid in his remarks concerning the radio address of Cardinal Mindszenty after his return to Budapest, perhaps because the Cardinal insisted in that address on the principle of private property and the historic traditions of Hungary whereas Michener himself seems to have favored some kind of democratic socialist republic had the rebellion succeeded. It is understandable that young Freedom Fighters knowing nothing of the past other than the lies told them by their Communist school masters should believe the old Hungary was woven altogether out of Fascist cloth; it is reprehensible that Mr. Michener should repeat the same story. The Hungary of the "Barons and Counts" was full of iniquity as are all countries everywhere at all times. But the Hungary of the historic classes was certainly not Fascist. The large and medium landowners, most of the professional classes, the bulk of the civil servants, the businessmen, some of the peasants, the legitimists, the church, the Jews—these classes and groups followed a pro-Western policy right into the war and under the guns of their German masters. The Fascist elements in Hungary—and they were considerable—united under the fanatical anti-legitimist Julius Gombos and, later, under Major Szálasi who seized power under the Nazis in October 16, 1944. Fascist support was drawn largely from the lower-middle classes.

Michener displays a deplorable lack of insight into the nature of totalitarian movements when he insinuates that the historic Hungarian classes were Fascist. And his old-fashioned liberalism is displayed at its worst when he sharply differentiates between the Hungarian refugees of today and those of the post-



SUMMER SCHOOL IN SALZBURG

Discussing the CATHOLIC point of view on *MAN AND THE UNIVERSE*.

Under the chairmanship of Prof. P. Thomas Michels, O.S.B., of the University of Salzburg, leading scientists, philosophers, and theologians from 14 European Universities will give lectures dealing with current research and concepts.

All courses will be translated into English. Some 600 students from various European couuntries will participate. Entire program lasts 4 weeks, including a two week travel program through Holland, Belgium, France, Germany and Austria.

Room, Board, Travel, Tuition, Ocean transportation included for $580. Group sails, July 15, 1957.

For information and application write to:

The Institute of European Studies
A non-profit corporation
35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then and Now

The favored peoples of this earth have been reluctant to open to others access to living space combined with natural resources.

"A specter is haunting Europe," though not the specter that Marx meant, and it is haunting not Europe only. It is the problem of old countries where population presses upon the means of subsistence, and where there is the demand for the open door to more spacious lands of ampler resources. . . . Surely there is something for the new countries to learn and understand in the awful difficulties which oppress those lands where population outruns the natural resources. The populations of the new countries are themselves of immigrant stock. The evils from which their fathers escaped have not disappeared in the old world. Catholics, above all, should take a wide and sympathetic view. If selfishness keeps out justice and charity from the consideration of the allocation of the world's resources to the world's people, the issue may be universal disaster.

—Henry Somerville in The Commonweal, January 19, 1927

It is doubtful whether Mr. Eisenhower's call for modifications will result in any major change in our highly restrictive immigration policy. Yet, unless the United States does more of its share, conditions in several lands where the pressure on available resources is most acute, and in refugee camps dating back to World War II, will worsen materially. Only one-fortieth of the 240,000 World War II exiles under the mandate of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees were permanently resettled during the past two years. Meanwhile a new flood of Hungarian exiles has come to deprive of their priority those who have had to wait the longest, and world contributions for resettlement purposes are dropping sharply. When America's ability to produce is considered in conjunction with the high percentage of our land that is arable, and our comparatively low population incidence, the inadequacy of America's role in resettlement can be seen.

—The Commonweal, February 8, 1957

For New Subscribers Only

The Commonweal, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.
Enclosed is $2. Please send your next 17 issues to:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....ZONE.....STATE.....

4-12-57

World War II years. It is understandable that the newer refugees should view the older with suspicion: after all, *they* did not fight tanks with gasoline bombs on the streets of Budapest; after all *they* are the wicked old order that their teachers told them was banished in 1945. But Michener seems to exalt this quite natural and undoubtedly transitional opposition into a dogma when he suggests that a free Hungary would have no place for the older refugees — unless, of course, they be "scientists and technicians." We in the free West know that the Hungarians of the diaspora rose almost to a man to welcome their heroic brethren who escaped in October and November. And many will find it personally intolerable to believe that a genuinely free Hungary would welcome one man home because he was a scientist and doom another to perpetual exile simply because he carried a title or was an enemy of the barbarism from the East as far back as 1945.

Real Toads

HIS MONKEY WIFE. By John Collier. Doubleday. $3.75.

By JOHN P. SISK

THIS STARTLING fantasy, first issued in 1931, is exactly what the title indicates: the story of a man who marries a chimpanzee. The man, Alfred Fatigay, is a teacher in a native school in the Upper Congo. The chimpanzee is Emily, his housepet, who in her scramble up the evolutionary ladder has compressed milleniums into seconds. She falls in love with her unsuspecting master, saves his life, reads his mail and is thunderstruck to discover a letter from Amy, his vacillating fiancée. Soon she accompanies Alfred to England, hoping to save him from the heartless woman. There Emily, in the eyes of all still nothing more than a well-trained chimp, is virtually imprisoned as Amy's maid, though she manages to escape for afternoon reading sessions in the British Museum.

As expected, both Amy and civi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lization turn out to be sorry specimens, particularly when played off against Emily's high-minded intelligence and Alfred's naiveté. Nevertheless, Alfred wants Amy badly and eventually the date is set. But as a result of Emily's ruthless fidelity and a last-minute ruse, it is the chimp he finds himself married to. Horrified, he orders her back to Africa and then sinks into poverty and near starvation. From these depths Emily, who in the meantime has made a fortune as an actress, rescues him and nurses him back to health. Eventually Alfred sees her for the superior creature she is and they return blissfully to the Upper Congo.

In the ironic terms of the story Emily's triumph is as appropriate as Swift's glorification of the Houyhnhnms: she is far more human than the beastly humans. The aim of both writers is not to glorify animals but to excoriate men, and if Mr. Colin Wilson wants Schopenhauer's pessimism and a Swiftian attitude towards human folly this may be his meat. Nevertheless, even readers who were able to take Book IV of *Gulliver* and Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* in stride may find this book distasteful, while those who found Swift and Waugh distasteful may find it shocking. Mr. Collier has here one of those subjects that does not abstract easily from its real life implications.

It must be conceded, however, that simpy as a display of virtuosity this novel is impressive. Mr. Collier chooses the form of mock-romance and lets himself go with sardonic exuberance in a way that will make the fettered realist envious. What the general reaction to the book was in 1931 I don't know, but to those who weren't otherwise repelled it must have appeared as the brilliant and highly original work of a writer of great promise.

Since Mr. Collier has been an established writer for a quarter of a century, his first novel no longer, strictly speaking, promises anything. But somewhere here, no doubt, are the seeds of the later horror stories that can, at their best, chill one in places that Poe leaves warm. This distasteful subject looks forward to a story like "The Tender Age," a *New Yorker* piece last year. But here too must be the promise of such stories as "The Lady on the Gray," a splendid version of the Circe legend, and the superb and haunting "Are You Too Late or Was I Too Early?"

It is conceivable that many Collier fans who have not yet read *His Monkey Wife* will find it exactly what they would expect it to be and ask neither more nor less. But for many others Mr. Collier will have constructed an imaginary garden in which there are not only real but disturbing toads.

College of
Notre Dame of Maryland
Baltimore 10, Maryland

Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame

Fully Accredited
Program leading to A.B. degree
Arts and Sciences

Teacher Training Pre-Medical
For catalog and further information address the Director of Admissions

Holy Cross Brothers

Serve God through

- Teaching
- Writing
- Social Work
- Missions
- Clerical Work
- Trades

For information write:
Brother Eymard, C.S.C. 108 Dujarie Hall Notre Dame, Indiana
or
Brother Bartel, C.S.C. St. Edward's University Austin 4, Texas

LA SALLE
Military Academy
Foremost Catholic military preparatory school under Christian Brothers. Accredited college preparation. Grades 8-12. Small classes. ROTC highest rating. Beautiful 160-acre campus on Great South Bay. 74th year.
Write for Catalog.
Box W. Oakdale, Long Island, New York

REVIEWERS

Vivian Mercier is a frequent critic of comparative literature.

M. A. Fitzsimons is the editor of *The Review of Politics*.

Frederick D. Wilhelmsen is associate professor of philosophy at Santa Clara University.

John P. Sisk is on the faculty of Gonzaga University.

Educational

INDIANA

Saint Mary's College
Notre Dame

Graduate School of Sacred Theology For Sisters and Laywomen. Distinguished faculty of Religious and Lay Professors. Saint Mary's College, Box 11, Notre Dame, Indiana.

NEW JERSEY

Caldwell College

Caldwell, New Jersey. A four year liberal arts college conducted by the Sisters of Saint Dominic. Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Liberal Arts, Sciences, Business, Teacher Training. Library Science, Music. Tuition $350, Board $550. Degrees: B.A., B.S., A.A. Catalogue: The Registrar, Caldwell, N. J.

Classified

• RATES, payable in advance: 16⅔¢ a word (6 words, $1). Centered lines $1 each. 12 words or 2 lines minimum. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

Irish Books and Gifts

• Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs.
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
870 Lexington Ave., (near 65th), New York

Chesterton and Belloc

• Scarce Chesterton and Belloc Books
250 Titles, Free Catalogue.
Prosser, 3118 N. Keating, Chicago 41, Ill.

Bargain Books

• Book Bargains
FREE CATALOG
Any Book Located.
Send List. No Obligation.
WORLD WIDE BOOK SERVICE
525-C Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

Translating

• TRANSLATIONS: German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian. NELLES TRANSLATIONS, 119 W. Ontario Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

Printed Labels

• 1000 Gummed labels, printed 3 lines, $2 ppd. HERDMAN, 326 Broadway, Newark 4, N.J.

Teaching Position Wanted

• PROFESSOR, FRENCH, SPANISH, desires teaching position for summer. Resume, references. Box 412, THE COMMONWEAL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN

DEMAND INFLATION

AND

WAGE INFLATION

is to distinguish between a natural law and a man-made condition.

Prices go higher in a time of shortage when demand exceeds supply . . . *demand* inflation.

Prices go higher when people are paid more without producing more . . . *wage* inflation.

In either case somebody gets hurt: the buyer in the first case; the people who don't get a raise, in the second.

The antidote to *demand* inflation is increased production, to end shortages.

The antidote to *wage* inflation is increased productivity, to justify higher wages.

REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED